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stinctively shrank. Hannah Piersol was an ex-

ceedingly lively girl, of great energy, and full

of confidence in her own powers; she knew that

she possessed the ability to do whatever she

chose, and was, therefore, by this spirit, often

led into scenes of life from which young ladies

are usually excluded.

Upon the evening of the same day in which

she had projected her scheme, she again entered

our parlor, and after a few common place re-

marks, casually inquired of a gentleman present

when the court sat at Clifton?

"Next week, Thursday," was the reply.

"Is it expected Lawyer Fulsom will be there?"

"Yes, he is certainly intending to be there; he

is engaged as counsel in a number of cases,

and if he should happen to be himself he will

do well undoubtedly. I fear, however, that he

will not resist the temptations by which he will

be surrounded. He is, I am fearful, fast de-

scending in the broad road to ruin."

Hannah took her leave; I could form no con-

ception of the plan she was forming, but was

satisfied it had some connection with Clifton, and

the County Court. Next Tuesday morning the

stage coach drove up to Mrs. Sullivan's door,

and two respectable dressed and women entered

the house, while their luggage was deposited

upon the coach; supposing them to be some

company of the family, I thought no more of the

circumstance till I understood, by some passing

friends, that neither Hannah Piersol or Jane

Sullivan could be found; they had gone on an

excursion somewhere—no one knew whither.

The thought flashed upon my mind in a moment

that they had gone to Clifton. I could hardly

restrain my impatience in learning the result.

Five days passed, when the wheels of the stage

again rattled up the street, and again stopped

before the mansion of the widow. The same

old ladies alighted, one of them hobbled upon

her cane towards the house, while the other ad-

justed her spectacles to pay her fare and give

directions concerning her trunks and hand-boxes.

Surely these venerable matrons could not be the

girls—in a few moments the merry laugh of

Hannah came ringing forth from the open win-

dows, and impatient to learn the result of the

expedition, I donned my bonnet and shawl and

rushed over to hear the report.

When I entered the parlor two old ladies

rose to greet me, uttered in rather coarse but

tidy apparel, with their neat muslin caps tied

under their chins by a broad black ribbon, which

passed over the crown, while their iron rimmed

specacles were fastened upon the outside by a

bit of white paper; their old fashioned calico

gowns were somewhat faded but perfectly neat.

"The Misses Jones," said Mrs. Sullivan, and

I returned their "how do you do," with all due

ceremony, and taking the polished seat, began

to inquire concerning their journey, when from

the lips of one of the venerable spinsters pro-

ceeded the merry laugh of Hannah Piersol,

while Jane Sullivan's voice proclaimed at once

who the Misses Jones were. "Ah Kate, you

may well be deceived," said Jane, "for no one

has known me since we left home, and you know

that a great many of our village would over-

come at the same time we started, both by stage

and private conveyance."

"And you have really been to Clifton? why

gladly!"

"Really and truly," said Hannah, "but come,

we must change our dress or the secret will get

out. Kate, you must give us the right hand of

friendship, and not for the life of your sister

about the Misses Jones, and when we come out

we will tell you the whole story, but no ques-

tions now—come Jane!"

When the girls were gone Mrs. Sullivan and

I had a long talk.

"I do not see girls, Kate, but they are so full

of life that they must have some fun; I was

from young gentlemen? I said as how I did

not see any fellows about there, but heard them

tell of a Mr. Fulsom, a young lawyer, that called

quite often, and I reckoned that Jane liked

him well enough, and I guessed likely that he

loved her too, but the game was all up with him

now. Why so, said he—why, says I, one morn-

ing there came in a rattle-headed girl that they

called Hannah, and she told Jane a long story

about John Fulsom being temperate, and how

he smoked, and that was the reason the Green

girl turned him off, and that sometimes he got

so bad that he could not attend to his business,

and folks were afraid he would disgrace himself

if he went over to the County Court.

What did Jane say to it, he inquired, and his

face was as deep a crimson as the brightest ve-

lvet rose. Why, she looked dreadfully sober, said

I, and said she was very sorry for Mr. Fulsom,

was a fine young man, but he must give up all

thoughts of marrying her, for she would never

marry a man that used intoxicating drinks, and

as to tobacco that was next to it, and she almost

cried when she said she should never marry

Lawyer Fulsom; and then Hannah told her

perhaps she would leave off in time, and she

said if he did not respect himself enough to be-

come a sober man, she would not flatter herself

that a wife would ever induce him to do it, and

a great deal more she said about him, but I

guess it was something of a cross to give him up,

but she will the very next time he calls to see

her. Well, after I told him all this he looked

mightily sober, and did not seem to want to talk

any more, and when we drove up to the hotel

where we changed horses he did not go into the

bar room, but stood upon the veranda, and

when he met an acquaintance that invited him

to go and take a glass of wine, he refused

promptly.

"What is the matter, John," said he, "I never

knew you to refuse to take a glass before?"

"I am almost a temperance man," said Ful-

som.

"Ah, what has turned your mind so suddenly?"

I should think it was high time to commence a

reform when one young lady has turned you off

because you are dissipated, and another is only

waiting a chance to serve you in the same style?

You see now, Mrs. Sullivan, that our concerted

plan of employing him as counsel would not

bear at all; and as there would be no use to re-

main at Clifton, we went on to the springs, and

stopped over one stage and then returned home

quite safe."

"Yes, dear mother, and a delightful time we

have had of it, too, I enjoyed it to perfection, it

was so romantic."

"Well done girls, what wild expedition will

you start next? I tremble for you!"

"But, mother, if you only could have heard

Hannah's voice tremble, and seen her take snuff,

while writing out Mrs. Deby Jones, you would

have laughed outright; I am certain I had to

try hard to keep grave and solemn."

"Poor Fulsom," said Hannah, "I fear I have

ruined his lasting vengeance upon me for med-

dling in his matrimonial speculations; but I am

used to the storm, and guess it will soon blow

over, but surely—there he is—coming up the

walk, now, girls—Jane, at as ever, and don't

in the name of mercy, say a word about going

away. If he knows the old ladies have come

in, he will be sure to come and have laid down

to rest, and he will, of course, excuse them."

"Mrs. Sullivan, how is your health?" said

the young gentleman, as he entered the elegant

parlor, "good afternoon, Mrs. Piersol, Miss Jane;

how are you, Kate?"

"When did you return from Clifton?" said

Jane.

"This morning; we did not have so many

cases on the docket as usual, and I left as soon

as my business would permit of my absence."

sons of the widow's beautiful daughter and our

village lawyer, the ceremony was performed, and

the congratulations of the warm hearted guests

were heaped upon the lovely bride and her no-

ble looking husband.

"How I wish your cousins, the Misses Jones,

were here to witness the ceremony, and my

happiness, as the result of their conversation

in the stage coach," said Fulsom, as he drew

his sweet wife to a seat beside him upon the sofa.

"They are here, but were fearful you might

construe their remarks harshly, and upon that

account declined coming down; if you wish

Hannah and I will summon them."

"Do so, dearest, I really wish to see them and

tender to them my heartfelt thanks for their in-

